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vius, in the year 79 of the Christian era, show us what native art was at that time. These cities remained buried for over 1600 years, when they were accidentally discovered; and the excavations, which were ultimately made, served to bring to light the households and temples and public grounds, in as perfect order as when they were suddenly vacated, so many centuries previous. The houses are found to be painted in vari-color, and many walls and ceilings richly frescoed. The subjects represented are races, games, gladiatorial combats, theatrical exhibitions, with animals and figures grotesquely drawn. There are also panelings and medallions, each containing some subject of fancy. Bas-reliefs of stucco are also found in considerable numbers. Arabesques are very common and are of very great merit, displaying fine taste and much fertility of invention. But all this, admirable in many respects as it is, shows how infinitely inferior to Greek art was the work of Roman hands. It is highly probable, that when the Goths made their descent upon the provinces of the Empire, all the best works of art found and destroyed by them were from Grecian hands. The wonder is, not that so few of these great works have been spared to us, but that any at all should have been preserved through so much fire and ruthless destruction and barbarous sacrifice as visited Italy, and through the bare exposure to the elements for twelve centuries.

We have thus sketched the rise of art in Europe—have followed it through its vicissitudes of progress to its premature extinction; and now must leave it to its slumber of centuries, reserving to another paper our further discourse on the topic. The subject is one fraught with interest, even when treated in the most brief manner; and we shall endeavor to offer to our readers such a narrative as will not only interest but instruct.

### TO POWERS' "GREEK SLAVE."

COULDEST thou but catch a gleam of holy love,  
E'en Powers' marble should its power prove.  
Ah, then I know should gush the woman's tears!  
For quiv'ring is thy heart, though crushed thy fears.  
The woman, then, should stretch her hands to good—  
The marble eyelids lift—the pale lips should  
Quick pant, as Love his flashing pinion bent,  
While life and light to those sad eyes he lent;  
Then with quick tremor shrink thy modest form,  
And mantling blushes send thy heart blood warm;  
No more in lonely grandeur thou wouldst stand,  
O, woman! thou wouldst grasp a succoring hand.  
Unneeded gyves, thou yield'st to love's control:  
That power alone could bind thy regal soul.

L. E.

### THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.



HERE is the homely story of the farmers' wife, who, when her husband had settled in a new country, declared, "that she did not wish to be rich—that all she asked was to be comfortable." Time passed on, and when the old farmer told the story on his spouse, he said: "I am now worth a hundred thousand dollars, and my wife is not comfortable yet!" A truer illustration of human nature was never found. Let a man begin life with ever so moderate an estimate of the amount of fortune with which he will be content, the passion "grows with what it feeds upon;" and just so surely as Success leads him to the point first contemplated, he will still cling to her hand, and compel her to lead him to farther and farther heights. Most men, except the few who begin life (very unfortunately) upon inherited wealth, start off with the wish to acquire a "competency." But "competency" becomes a thing as uncertain as the possibility of the old lady's becoming "comfortable."

Men deem themselves justified in giving themselves up, body and soul, the first few years of their business life, to acquiring enough to warrant a living. "Prudence demands it," "emergencies must be provided against." All most true. A life of idleness and want is unjustifiable. The only difficulty is in the setting of a wise and sensible boundary to the desired living. The modest home that lay, sunny and beautiful, bathed in the love-light of the eye of youth, before his vision, grows apace into a palace; there are far-stretching lands about the palace, and costly decorations within. It lies even farther away than the charming dwelling did;—but it must be attained, for his neighbor, a little older than he, has already become the master of such an one. Ambition prompts him not to linger behind. It is true, his neighbor has other lines and wrinkles in his face than the kindly hand of well-treated Time would have placed there—tell-tale prints of anxious hours, of untiring hurry, of sharp speculation, perhaps of dishonorable thrift

and unholy covetousness;—but his follower sees nothing of these; he sees only the marble and the gilding, the broad lands, and the smiles with which all the world greets the successful aspirant for its favor. If there is anything dark in the history of the accumulation of that fortune, be sure the glitter of the gold plays before it, and nobody cares to drag it to the light.

"I will not do just as this man has done," says his follower; "I will not allow my affections to wither; I will keep a little time to myself for the culture of the beauties and amenities of life; I will not forget to be charitable; my generosity shall increase with my means; the richer I am, the more good I can do." So with self-deception he bends himself to the work, which grows upon him and demands more and more of his energies, till mind and strength are given to its accomplishment, and all the nobler part of his nature lies decaying from disuse. This is the great curse of the pursuit of wealth. It becomes so absorbing, so fascinating, that all other pursuits are swallowed up.

Look upon the faces of the men of business who are so rapidly growing rich. What of God's glory, illuminating the image of man, lingers there unshadowed? Do those keen, inquisitive glances seem familiar with searching into the beautiful mysteries of life and death, the present and the future? Do those brows wear the calm reflection of quiet hours spent in earnest uplifting to the broad heaven? or those mouths wear the seal of the sweetness impressed there by hearts full of love for their kind, and sympathy with the universe? Most persons will turn upon you with surprise, if not with a sneer, for asking the question: it is a kind of "nonsense" they cannot comprehend. They know of but one honorable, discreet, and sensible object in living, and that is to get rich—and not only rich, but richer. The sweets of nature, and the holier depths of the springs of the heart are untasted by them:—purity and the love of the beautiful are stranger guests in their souls.

It may well be a reason why women are such housekeepers,—substituting ceremony, and cold, metallic glitter, for the simplicity and sunny warmth of the true home. It may be that the earnest love, the out-gushing of fresh feeling, the innocent pleasure in music and flowers,



and the blue sky and the green earth, which they would fain share with their husbands, are chilled and die in the atmosphere of his vitiated passion. They learn to value what he values. If the husband gives up his soul to the acquirement of money, what better can the wife do, than to spend it upon things that remind people of money? If she is deprived of his society, which he gives to his ledger and his plans, how can she better amuse herself than by making a grand display of what takes so much that is due to her to acquire? If the pretty ornaments her own taste furnishes, and the air of peace she diffuses over her house, do not satisfy her husband, there are plenty of elements in the feminine character which will urge her on to a more extravagant taste. Her fancy, her desire to please, her personal love of adornments, and many other qualities, which would be harmless or even charming under the sway of a loving, but less impressive nature, may all be made the instruments towards effecting a heartless passion for display.

A man usually wants an excuse for devoting himself so exclusively to the acquisition of fortune. A very common plea is, that he is working for the welfare of his children—he wishes to leave them a competency. And the mother is so foolishly fond, so weakly inconsiderate, that she joins in the plea, and gives encouragement to the plan. A fatal folly! by which the children, so tenderly cared for, suffer the most severely. Says a writer:—"There is an inconceivable depth of weakness, meanness and wickedness, in the conduct of the father, who, for a little career of pitiable vanity, robs his offspring of all that is really valuable in life, and leaves them an useless waste of drawing-rooms and parlors—knowing that his death will be the signal for their expulsion." This language is not too severe. And even when there is enough left for all the children to support the luxury in which they have been reared, the case is no whit bettered; for sloth, and selfish ease, soft indulgence, and the pride of the purse, form a hot-bed, in which real strength and goodness seldom grow.

We believe there is something more ennobling in life than the mere accumulation of money. Milton has represented Mammon,

"With downcast looks bent on the earth,"

as among the most degraded of the fallen angels. The history of nations has always been, that when they increased vastly in wealth, and gave themselves up to luxurious splendors, then they fell. Our hope for America is, there being no system of primogeniture here, there is not so much *danger* in building up immense fortunes. In the course of a few years they must be scattered again. So the burden of the riches will be continually shifted, and no families have a chance to become thoroughly corrupt and enervated.

But we wish that we could see less of the grand passion: that we could see our fellow-creatures living to die well, instead of to die rich. Some plead that war is a necessity. Some plead that it is better for the world generally that vast riches should be acquired by the few; else the fine arts, the master works of genius, the productions of very elegant and costly fabrics, etc., could not be patronized.

We believe there will a time come when war will *not* be a necessity; but we hope the time is already come when it will not be necessary to rob the many in order to aggrandise the few. All of the objects which *true* men have at heart for the welfare of society advance more surely and rapidly if the eager pursuit of inordinate gain is allowed to usurp less of the brain, less of the heart, less of the soul; and happiness, purity, beauty, will enter every household when *Home* is the talisman instead of *Wealth*.

#### PASTILLES.

"Diffusing light, aroma, and sweet dreams."



NOTHING so proves the frailty of all thought as the fact of minds differing so much on the same subject. I hold a belief in the Absolute, you in the Relative; and we each believe the other wrong: but if we are equals, who is right? and shall a third person undertake to decide between us, when he is not a whit the wiser? It will not do to say we *know* it is so—we *know* we are right and the other wrong; for others may say the same with a perfect right, and are just as entitled to

belief. And thus through the whole range of thought: without actual, indubitable demonstration, eliciting general consent, there can be no positive thought without its substantiated counter-thought. Philosophy has taught since the earliest time, yet is there just as much diversity of judgment as ever on all the great principles of mind, soul, life and death. Ages ago the learned and noblest minds on earth cherished beliefs on philosophy, science, morals and religion, which we, in this day, decidedly reject; yet can we agree among ourselves upon the one fundamental belief? Not more than could mind in any age of the world; and it is not probable man ever will grow into a unity of thought and judgment. Is there not, then, a moral in this reflection? How chary should we be of our judgment, and how forgiving of all diversity of thought, feeling and reason! How should we hesitate to embrace any creed, any philosophy, any judgment, that is not grounded in immutable, demonstrable principles!

That there is a right and a wrong is as certain as that we think; but that any man can say *he* has the truth, is merely an assumption and an opinion—not a truth: his neighbor who says, "I am right!" has just as much right to credence, because it is all but individual thought.

These reflections have been forced upon us after having waded through Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON'S Discussions: we have laid down the book with the utter hopelessness of arriving at *fundamental* truth in the facts of consciousness. There is but one resource, one entirely satisfactory belief on which to hang not only our hope but our assent; and this is, *the certainty of consciousness itself*, which gives to each mind its identity and marks its moral accountability. Then, whether we think right or wrong, there is the same necessity in seeking for Truth and Virtue, which is *always* right; and the heart can implicitly fall back upon the rule of living which is demonstrated by the infallible and unchangeable Bible.

It is as hard to answer, What is Music? as to tell what is Poetry. Poetry has been defined by every poet and critic, and, we believe, like the fabled Fleece, it is just as intangible as ever. Leigh Hunt says it is one thing—Shelley, nothing at all—Poe, all things beautiful—Griswold, the beautiful in metrical array; and thus the Muse